

HOW TO REMOVE FRECKLES AND BLEMISHES FROM THE SKIN.

Story of the Girl Who Had Sun Spots and of Another Who Was Annoyed by Tiny Black Specks, Like Pepper Grains, Upon Her Pretty Nose and Chin.



For the Girl Who Dreads the Double Chin.

The Hands Make a Good Wash Cloth.

Scientists Claim That the Neck Can Really Be Made Longer.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Once upon a time—this is true fairy story—there lived a girl with freckles. Her skin was nearly white, one of those clear, nice skins that invite. Her hair was light, the kind of hair that usually goes with fair skin. But she had freckles. They were scattered over her forehead and her chin and her cheeks.

And they were on her nose. On the very tip there was a yellowish blotch that looked as though you had touched it with a dab of light yellow paint. O such a freckle!

Now this girl knew that she could go to a skin specialist and have those freckles out off, literally shaved off. That the skin would soon heal and within a month there would be no scar. But she was a timid girl and shrank from the pain. Besides it cost too much.

Then she thought of the acid cure. That is a method by which the freckles are burned off. It certainly hurts, and the girl was a born coward.

She wanted to take the freckles off herself, and then she could stop if it hurt.

Now she had read somewhere that it could be done with a cut lemon. This is what she had read: "Lemon juice is the antidote of the woman who would have a white skin."

So she procured a lemon and cut it in water and steamed her face. She set the water in the stove to keep it hot and she made a little cone of a towel, and, putting over her head, breathed the warm air.

She did not let the water boil so as to scald her lungs, nor did she steam her face until she was exhausted. She merely caught out the perspiration and got the very hot.

She rubbed the skin with half the lemon and immediately washed it off with cold water. Finally she anointed her face with cold cream and did not wash off that day for there was not enough show.

Every time the girl went out she would find and she was careful of her skin. It only took three applications to banish the freckles. But, of course, being liable to freckles, she would probably accumulate them in time, unless she is careful and removes them while they are very faint.

These little sun spots are annoying, but, really, they are not a great disfigurement. They are large and deep in color. One should remove them, beginning with the simple remedy until traveling through all the grades into the methods that are actual operations upon the skin.

It would be surprising to know how many preparations can be purchased at drug stores for removing freckles. Select good druggist and put your faith in it.

But the most important thing is the thing of them away, the preventing of their return. This can be done only by care and vigilance.

There might be another tale told of a girl who wanted a perfect skin and who was fretted with blotches and blackheads. Freckles and blotches were rough and there were those unsightly little spots every-

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in there are many little exercises for the lengthening of the neck. The stretching process is the best. It is performed by lifting the chin as high as possible and throwing the head as far back as one can. It really does not add anything to the length of the neck, or at least one does not see how it could really do so. But it gives grace and this increases the apparent length.

Let a woman be able to turn her head lightly, and to lift her chin well, and her neck will seem to be longer than the neck of the one who sits with chin rigid and almost immovable.

It would surprise you to note how few women ever turn the head really, and how little you turn your head yourself.

High Collars Tend to Cause a Double Chin.

The practice of wearing the high stock has become such a national habit that the women have stiffened in the neck and really cannot bend or turn it. The slightest attempt gives them that distressing malady known as a stiff neck.

So, in trying the beauty exercises, be careful. Be moderate. Lift the chin slowly and do not exert the muscles too soon. Remember that a "crick" in the neck will be the price of any indiscretion of this kind.

There is probably not one woman in a hundred who does not dread the double chin. This often begins to show itself at the age of 20 and by 25 most women have it in a slight form; by 40 it is pronounced. From that age on the chin multiplies until in later life they are frequently known to lie in little folds, disfiguring the lower part of the face.

The cause of the double chin is a two-fold one. First, it can be laid to increasing adiposity. Second, to the habit of wearing the high collar, which renders the neck movements impossible and allows fat to accumulate for lack of exercise.

The double chin is, at all stages, removable, but it needs patience and massage. It is true that massage is a developer. But if it is practiced in swift hard strokes it will reduce. A vigorous massage under the chin will remove the layers of fat. But with the massage there must be exercise of another kind and this is the kind of exercise which is to be found in the turning and twisting of the neck and the bending backward and forward of the head.

The double chin will soon give way before this kind of treatment and the one who is reducing her chin can be as rosy as she pleases, for the mass needs vigorous treatment.

Fruit Is Now Recommended for the Complexion.

Fruit is highly recommended at this time of the year for the complexion. But there are those who break out and pimple with it. There are people who have a rash after eating strawberries; others suffer from that childish trouble, "hives," on taking the juice of the raw grape. Pears will give many people a decided roughness and the summer fruits, berries, etc., have been known to develop pronounced cases of widespread blemishings on the face.

There is something peculiar about the acid of raw fruits that is not fully understood by physicians. One person cannot take the pulp of the pineapple without making the mouth and throat sore; another cannot eat raspberries without suffering from a burning in the stomach.

Where there is a constitutional difficulty of this kind avoid that kind of fruit. Shell out the skin of the fruit and eat the pulp. Another cannot eat celery. Study your diet and when you find that which is a poison to you, let it alone. You cannot tell what condition of blood may induce the trouble and it is better not to tamper with an idiosyncrasy.

But there are fruits you can eat. It is claimed that the wonderful complexion of Lady Brooke, at the time of her belated, was due to stewed rhubarb, which her ladyship ate constantly. Now, as the Countess of Warwick, she lectures on fruit foods.

The process of cooking makes fruit more digestible and apple sauce, stewed berries and cooked foods generally seem to agree better with the complexion of the civilized

woman than the raw material. There is little logic in it, but it seems to be so.

Strawberry Cosmetic Will Produce Pretty Glow.

To get a pink and white skin there is no remedy any quicker than the strawberry juice one. But here, again, there is need for an ounce of common sense. One woman can rub the berry on her face after she has bathed it in warm water. Then she can wash it off again and the result is a pretty glow. The acid has removed the stains from the face. Another woman, having a skin like alabaster, will be too pink from the berry. Work slowly and watch. The strawberry is an excellent cosmetic, taken inside or out.

Miss Louise writes: "Will you kindly answer a few questions in your health talk? How can I rid myself of blackheads on my nose and chin? I have three deep creases in my throat, caused by my being so fat when I was a baby. I suppose, and I should like to know what to do to smooth them out. I shall be very much obliged if you will advise me what to do in these cases."

For the blackheads, bathe the face in hot water in which there is a teaspoonful of powdered borax to a half gallon of water. Hold the water on the face, using soap first, then clear water, the object being to get the pores open.

Cover the face with white vaseline and

let it remain on five minutes. Wash off in soap and water, then clear hot water. Your blackheads will now be largely gone.

If they are very obstinate, and are not removed by this treatment, press them out and immediately wash the face with warm water to which a few drops of tincture of benzoin has been added.

Benzoin Contracts the Pores of the Skin.

In buying the benzoin mention to the druggist the use to which you are going to put it, namely, for toilet purposes.

The benzoin contracts the pores of the skin a little. Be careful afterwards and do not go out into the air at once, and, when you do so, rub a little good skin food into the open pores of the nose.

For the neck that is creased follow the directions given for double chin, using, however, a skin food for the massage.

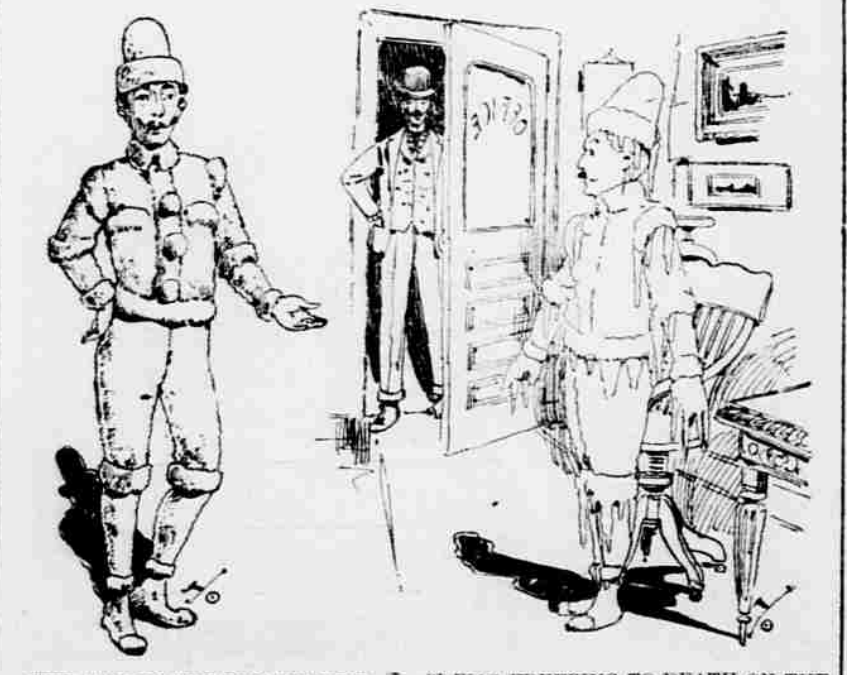
Miss J. asks for a remedy for large, unsightly pimples. For this stewed rhubarb and a spring medicine are advised. Our grandmothers took port wine and sulphur.

Annie R. requests a treatment for white spots on the nails.

These are caused by an injury to the growing nail. Do not press it at the base or around the "moon" with the cuticle knife.

MARIAN MARTINEAU.

STORY OF THE DRUMMER WHO DONNED A SPONGE SUIT



THE MAN IN THE SPONGE SUIT.

"I WAS FREEZING TO DEATH ON THE HOTTEST DAY."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"What do you think of sponge clothing for hot-weather wear, with a hat containing a cell of pure, cold water to drench the suit when the wearer grows dry and hot?"

Two traveling men, seated in the lobby of the Southern Hotel, had been chatting about the hot weather, when one of them put this question to his companion, who answered with a broad smile and a look of incredulity.

"Oh! That's not all. What do you think of a man freezing to death while the thermometer registered away above the hundred mark?"

The drummer who was asked these questions laughed heartily.

"Let me tell you the story," continued the first speaker. "I was on the top floor of one of St. Louis' great office buildings, waiting alone in the office of a friend who had gone out to meet a friend."

"The day was one of the hottest we had in this city last summer."

"Ambulances were rushing about on hurry calls to carry the victims of sunstroke to the hospitals, while fans and cooling drinks went away above par."

In order to cool myself I took off my coat, vest and collar, and, rolling up my shirt sleeves, allowed a thin stream of ice water from a cooler near my seat at the window to trickle over my bare arm."

The hot feeling gradually disappeared and I grew cooler and cooler, while a

gentle, restful feeling began to creep over me.

"Just about that time the door opened slowly and one of the strangest looking men I've ever seen came into the room."

"At first sight I thought him to be an Eskimo, but as he came nearer I discovered that he was not far, but was composed of this, spongy material."

"Noticing my look of wonder, he made this explanation:

"I was born in this city, but have lived for years on a small inhabited island in the Indian Ocean, where the natives dive for the sponges that grow in beds along the inner portion of the great coral reefs."

"These natives are semicivilized, and have discovered the art of forming a cloth of sponge, by taking the largest and finest of the sponges they obtain from the coral reefs, cutting them into slices with keen knives and then knitting them together under water by a secret process, which I have spent years in mastering."

"The cloth thus formed is made up in pretty much the same style as our own dress, and a hat of the same material is fitted with a cell of cool water, which can be replenished as often as desired, and is so arranged that it will drench the suit at the will of the wearer when he becomes hot and dry."

"I propose that we go into the business of manufacturing these costumes for old and young. We will not only make a fortune in a short time, but will be looked upon as benefactors. Just think of what a blessing one of these suits will prove to be to the business man who really has to rush around town on a hot day."

"Now, in order that you may test its advantages, suppose we change suits for a short time."

The drummer paused for a moment to light his cigar, and then continued:

"Well, I took the stranger's offer, and within a few moments I had put on the odd costume and the hat, as well."

"Immediately I began to grow colder and colder until the stranger stepped up to me and pressed the cell in my headgear when I felt an icy freezing all over me and immediately my limbs began to freeze and my

whole body gradually assumed the appearance of the pipes on a refrigerating machine."

"I was freezing to death with the thermometer above the nineties."

"That stranger had my clothes on his back with my money and watch in the pockets and was silently backing out of the office."

GOOD THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The American woman is more feminine in Europe than she is at home. It may be that the atmosphere and surroundings develop her femininity, or perhaps it is that she is more venturesome. However, that may be in Paris she likes to attract attention and admiration in the street. It is a pleasure which she does not get in her own country, and which she values all the more accordingly. Whenever a French woman is followed persistently it always troubles her, she is annoyed about it and reproaches herself as though she were to blame.

An American woman is not disturbed by such trifles. It often happens that some lady, attracted by her beauty or deceived by her coquettish manner, mistakes her for a foreigner on the lookout for adventures, and follows her for the fun of the thing. Far from being alarmed at this impertinence, she is flattered by it, and most impudently slanders her face and stops to look at the shop windows. When the "follower," imagining that he is being encouraged, speaks to her, she gives him a withering look and repulses him with an expression of such freezing propriety that he retires more or less abashed. She returns home delighted at having humiliated an individual of the stronger sex and conscious of no other feeling than that of satisfied self-respect.—Pierre de Coulevain, "Eve Triumphant."

The other day a fond fashionable mother in Michigan asked a young man whether he had ever seen a young lady sweep in a

room so grandly as her Princesa. He said no, he never had, and the mother was gratified beyond measure, but, then, said he, after a pause, "What I should like to see her do is sweep out a room." It does not hurt the newest comers to sweep out the office if necessary. I was one of those sweepers myself.—Andrew Carnegie, "The Empire of Wealth."

It was once said of a Kentucky orator that he was like a goose paddling on the ocean, unconscious of the depths beneath.—Robertson, "The Opponents."

Ever since the days of Eden, the means of seduction and the causes of woman's weakness have never changed, which fact proves that true and curiosity are among the immutable factors of the human soul. Man still succeeds with woman by persuading her that the tree of life has fruits which she has not tasted, the flavor of which is quite unknown to her.—Coulevain, "Eve Triumphant."

Huxley's "epitaph" took humorous form in the story of a country school lad, who put the mitral valve, so called from its resemblance to a mitre, on the right side of the heart, instead of on the left side. On appeal Huxley let him through, observing, "Poor little beggar, I never got them (the valves) correctly myself until I reflected that a Bishop was never in the right!"—Edward Clodd, "Thomas Henry Huxley."

Great Britain has spread the red spots of sovereignty all over the world; we have

stretched from the shores of the Atlantic 2500 miles to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and, not content, I fear, following Britain's perilous example, we are trying to annex foreign territory. The truth is that we have taken the Scripture much to heart, which tells us that the meek shall inherit the earth, and which, our humorist, Mark Twain, said, explained it all—our race is so meek, at all events, we seem to have lost no time in discovering that the true and only reliable proof of the true inheritors was whether they spoke English.—Carnegie, "Empire of Labor."

The American woman prides herself on her boldness of temperament, and the Frenchwoman on her susceptibility. When the latter is in love her one ambition and delight is to give happiness, while the American woman expects to be happy herself. This opposite way of looking at things makes them as different from each other as two creatures of the same species could possibly be.—Coulevain, "Eve Triumphant."

Were it not, as Huxley says, that "the ignorance of the so-called educated classes is colossal," there might be need for apology in restatement of the fact that man is not descended from the ape. The relationship between them is lateral, not linear, both being off-shoots of the same stock, each remaining, of course, in very different degrees of development. Isolated groups of mammals.—Edward Clodd, "Thomas Henry Huxley."

He was a fisherman from the west coast of the island of Nippon. When but a youth he had gone out with his father and some other men of their village to fish. Their sampan was caught in a storm and swept across the Japan Sea, and after days of helpless drifting, was dashed on the barren shores of the island where the man was found. Of the crew of five men only he escaped the storm.

Little, if anything, had been left by the waves, but, with the aid of a knife and several of his fishing lines, he began life on the deserted isle. Fish was found in abundance, and the island was constantly visited by birds, so, between the two, the man succeeded in procuring food. He had no timber out of which to construct a dwelling, but discovered a cave, which he chose as his place of habitation.

Frequently he would see vessels passing, and, although he raised signals and often thought that he had attracted the attention of the crews, none of the vessels answered his signals.

For seventeen years he lived this sort of life on his lonely isle. Not once during all that time did he have the opportunity of speaking with a human being or even looking one in the face, but his deliverance was at hand.

A Japanese happened to visit the island, thinking that it was uninhabited. When he saw the dark, hairy creature, with shaggy mane and flowing locks, on the hills above him, he became terror-stricken and fled. The latter was almost as frightened as his visitor. Solitude had instilled into the heart of the shipwrecked man the fear of any human being which did not resemble himself.

The visitor hurried from the island, and, sending to the harbor of Nagasaki, there informed the Prefectural Government of the presence of the supposed wild man. A torpedo boat was dispatched in search of the strange man, and succeeded in rescuing him after some difficulty.

was coursing down upon my spine with icy effluence. This, no doubt, caused my strange dream of the sponge suit.

"But, say, I know the sensation of being almost frozen on a hot day."

Wanted Music.

"As I hear your piano very frequently, Mrs. Fortissimo, I suppose that you are up on musical matters?"

"Certainly, Mr. Crusty."

"Then do you know who was playing when the poet wrote, 'Music Hath Charms'?"

"I do not; buy why?"

"Well, if you can find out I wish that you would invite that musician to play on your piano."